
Title: A Pirate's Memoires

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This be written under me
Pirate name. I be better
knowned as one well
respected smith and
warrior amongst the land
lubbers. Well at least
with most brittanian
commoner. And some of
the aristocrates and
nobles.

Many Years ago, i sailed
these seas in the name
of Britannia. A Fleet
Captain for our king Lord
British's Armada. Twas
Proud times, defending a
government and a people
or great integrety.

With our king gone, so
went the virtous fabric
that held our society so
closely knitted.

Corruption, greed and
generalized individualism
plagued both the
government and the
citizens.

Took a year for me to
realise i was risking me
life , and me crew for
ideals that werent
virtuous at all. So one
particularly cold summer
night, after we had
outfitted a sloop with
heavy cannons, filled the
hold with as much ammo,
charges, food and of
course rhum as we could,
we operated a sabotage
mission on the other
royal navy ships that
were stationned in skara

at the time. Scuttled a
half dozen sloops , three
gargoyle ships that just
sailed in with a shipment
of plate armor and
cannons , and completely
destroyed two Britannian
Galleons that were
suppose to leave for
britain. The were fresh
out of the shipbuilders
yards! Ya ha harrrr!

So id say that be about
the time that a price
was put on me head.
For 3 years i had to set
camps on different small
islands, evading and
defeating the royal navy,
preying on those greedy
merchant's ships for coin
, and sending to davie
jones'S locker any other
Pirate that try and get
in me way.

Now 11 years after that
faithfull night, i still prey
on those merchants, hunt
other Pirates that wont
ally, but with all the
changes in Governments,
Its almost like the royal
navy forgot about me!
Sure there still be one
or two trying to scuttle
me once in a while, but
nothing compared to
what they use to send
after me! Good for me i
guess. Those royal Navy
ships never did carry
much gold or valuable loot
anyway.

So in essence, thats what
pushed yours truely into
Piracy. Ha! i can still
hear One o t e
Quartermas er y lling
whil my sh p sailed
away; "THE NAVY W LL
FI D YO Lord Wa D
e! You're Sailing A
Hellbound Sloop!!!
Maybe one day ...

But for now im still
out there. Stealing from
the greedy elitists, selling
at a fraction of the
Price to honest
Britannians.

SO if you ever recognize
me on land, dont be
afraid to say hello. At
sea, be indentifiable as
a fishermen, you run no
risk if you are. Be
advised though, I can
smell an ambush like
rotten scallops. Those
that tried to trick me
died a slow death.

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Somewhere on Fire Island
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